

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST NET SALE.

No. 3,184.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1914

One Halfpenny.

## THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE'S INDISCRETIONS: HE SAYS "BRAVO" TO ZABERN OFFICERS



The Prince reviewing a guard of honour when he visited England in 1911. He was disgraced for applauding anti-English sentiments during a Reichstag debate.



The Prince looks self-satisfied, though the Press criticised him severely for supping a Berlin comedian in 1912.



The Prince smiles, though only in October last he was smacked for interfering in the Brunswick succession negotiations.



The hated 99th walking through Zabern. The Kaiser decided that the regiment should leave the town and go on manoeuvres "until further orders."



Lieutenant von Foerstner, the youthful officer who sabred a crippled cobbler at Zabern.



Colonel von Reuter, who is now, in connection with the Zabern affair, being tried by court-martial.



Lieutenant Schadt, also being court-martialled for the Zabern incidents.



The Prince wearing the uniform of the 11th Hussars. He was brought back from command at Danzig to do office work because the Kaiser did not like his opinions. This was in December, 1913.

Ever since he was a small boy, when he used to run away from his governess, the German Crown Prince has had the faculty of getting into trouble. His latest "indiscretion" is to range himself on the side of the officers who gained unenviable

notoriety by dragooning the citizens of Zabern, and having inherited the telegram mania from the Kaiser has sent two messages worded, "Bravo!" and "Go ahead!" He has more than once quarrelled with his father, and with his mother-in-law.



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By JOHN HERRICK.

I may explain to start with that I am an ordinary business man—not a politician nor a professional stump-orator. But in my business, at any rate, we are always holding meetings and dinners to discuss business subjects of various sorts. Till recently when I have attended such meetings I have gone as a spectator and never dared to get upon my legs and make a speech. This was not through lack of a desire to do so, for I noticed long ago that the men who spoke of tenest and best were the men who got on best in their business—and, like most other men, I want to get on in business, too.

### The Terrors of "Nerves."

It was simply lack of ability. I had never made a speech and was too nervous to try. But that is all altered now. I made my maiden speech two months ago, and since then I have made three more. My first was rather halting, though I did not disgrace myself, but my fourth, only last Friday, was a real success. I had lost my nervousness: I made my points and I carried the meeting with me till I sat down amid real applause.

Moreover, it is really a business necessity to be able to make a good speech.

To one man the chance of making a speech affords the opportunity for an enhanced reputation; to another it is nothing but a danger. For the man who stutters and stammers, and finally sits down after a speech principally consisting of "ums" and "ers," scarcely enhances his reputation as a keen-witted member of the community or as a man whose intelligence and resource can be depended upon in a business crisis.

### The Secret of Success.

And because of that I am going to make a confession. I owe every bit of that success—to what do you think?—a book, a book which first of all put me in the right way to thinking out a speech, which then provided me with an amusing story with which to start and which finally gave me many valuable hints on the actual making of the speech.

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(the well-known actor), on "How to Prepare and Deliver a Speech";

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## CROWN PRINCE'S TELEGRAMS

Sharp Criticism of Intervention  
in Zabern Affair.

### "BRAVO" MESSAGE.

Crowd's Hostile Demonstration  
Against Accused Officers.

"Go ahead and stick to it"—"Bravo!"

That is the brief text of two telegrams relating to the Zabern affair in Alsace, which, it is now stated, were sent by the Crown Prince of Germany to General von Deimling, commander of the 15th Army Corps at Strassburg.

This intervention in a matter, already sufficiently delicate, has provoked sharp criticism of the Crown Prince in the Berlin Liberal Press.

"Public opinion," says the *Tageblatt*, "would be unworthy to exist if it failed to point out his error to the Prince."

Meanwhile Berlin is asking whether there is a conflict of opinion between the Crown Prince and the Kaiser or whether the Kaiser shares the views of his son. (Photographs on page 1.)

### CROWN PRINCE'S "ERROR."

BERLIN, Jan. 6.—The chief interest in the Zabern affair shifted to-day from the officers under trial at Strassburg to the Crown Prince, whose telegram or telegrams to General von Deimling provide the Liberal Press with material for sharp criticism on the Crown Prince's habit of intervening in public affairs.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* says:—  
There can be no doubt that the representatives of military authority in Zabern were guilty of a grave violation of the law, and their conduct was condemned by a vast majority in the Reichstag.  
What, then, can be the effect of the congratulations from the Crown Prince on the energy shown by Colonel Von Reuter, which found its strongest expression in a disregard of the law?

"Public opinion," declares the *Tageblatt*, "would be unworthy to exist if it failed to point out his error to the Prince."

"It is the right and duty of the Reichstag to protest energetically against the Prince's interference in politics, which is gradually becoming insupportable."—*Reuter*.

### "GO AHEAD AND STICK TO IT."

BERLIN, Jan. 6.—A statement from a source described as authoritative, appears in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to-day, according to which the Crown Prince sent two telegrams relating to the Zabern affair, not to Colonel Von Reuter, as is generally asserted, but to General von Deimling, commander of the 15th Army Corps, at Strassburg. The first message is reported to have been forwarded prior to the events of November 28, and to have read: "Go ahead and stick to it"—Friedrich Wilhelm Kronprinz."

The second telegram, dated November 29, is stated to have contained merely the words: "Bravo!"—Friedrich Wilhelm Kronprinz."  
With reference to the above it is to be remarked that the Crown Prince calls himself "Wilhelm," and always signs in that name, not "Friedrich Wilhelm."—*Reuter*.

### ARRESTED "MAN WHO PASSED."

STRASSBURG, Jan. 6.—The proceedings in the court-martial on Colonel Von Reuter in connection with the Zabern incidents aroused to-day even greater interest than those of yesterday.

Lieutenant Bethke gave evidence as to the reasons for the arrests made by the military.  
He had arrested a man, he said, who intentionally passed in front of him several times.

Replying to the president of the Court, the witness said the man did not insult him.

A woman witness living near the Hotel Karpen said that the officers sitting in the hotel were often assailed by the crowd with insults, and were called "Prussian pigs."—*Central News*.

On leaving the courthouse at Strassburg this evening Colonel von Reuter and other officers were followed by a crowd, which swelled in numbers until it filled the whole street (says a *Reuter* message). Threatening cries were uttered and menacing gestures were made by some of the more daring spirits.

### GLAMOUR OF OFFICIAL CASTE.

It is difficult for Englishmen who have not lived in Germany to realise the extraordinary glamour and privileges of the officer "caste."

The majority of German officers are not bullies. They are, as a rule, good-natured and well-mannered. But the attitude of the German officer to the civilian is perhaps one of more or less veiled contempt.

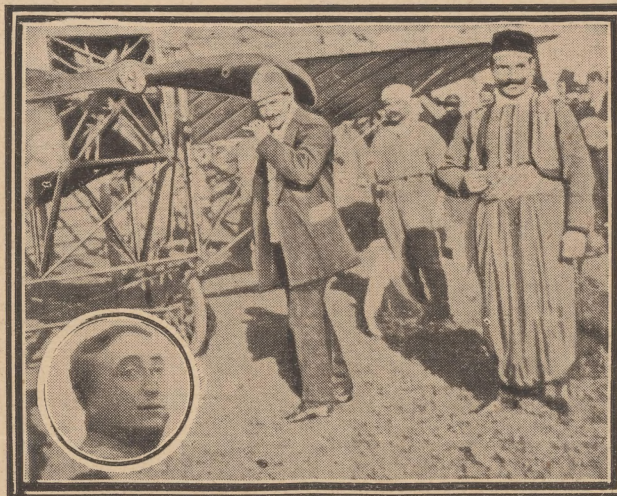
Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm is the archetype of this caste. English people who understand him are somewhat amused at the collision between his purely military sentiments and the broader ideas of his Imperial father.

Naturally, young German officers of his generation have made him their model, and have looked to him to uphold the prestige of the young officer.

The prestige of the young officer is universally conceded, and quite voluntarily, too, by men and women of all ages.

Even an infantry lieutenant can expect a dowry of £500 or £1,000 with his bride, and almost any girl would feel honoured by his wooing, where a doctor, lawyer or professor would be quite content with £200. Every German girl is expected to have a dowry of some sort. There are no husbands for portionless girls.

## AIRMAN ORDERED TO FIGHT OR GO HOME.



M. Vedrines standing in front of the propeller of his aeroplane at Cairo. He has been ordered by the National Aerial League either to fight M. Roux (inset) or return home. M. Roux challenged the famous French airman because the latter boxed his ears at Cairo, as the outcome of a dispute.

## PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE WHO ARE IN THE NEWS.



M. Ephrussi, the well-known banker and sportsman, who has died in Paris at age of 70.



Mr. W. W. Tailby, the famous Master of Foxhounds, whose death will cause great regret.

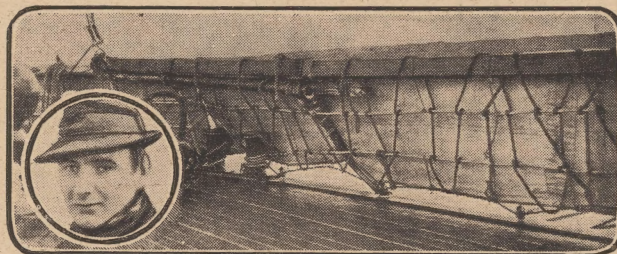


Mr. F. Cellier, who has died, was the Savoy conductor in the days of Gilbert and Sullivan opera.



Mr. Val Hunter, the well-known athletic judge, whose death is announced at the age of 71.

## TWO YOUTHS WASHED FROM BATTERED BARQUE.



The damaged rails of the barque Inveresk, which encountered a terrific storm on her voyage from Portland (Oregon) to Queenstown. Two apprentices were washed overboard and drowned and Seaman Anderson, whose portrait appears, was dashed against the wheel and had both legs broken.

## VETERAN'S GOLDEN WEDDING.



Mr. Lacey, a Crimean veteran, and his coloured wife, who are celebrating their golden wedding.

## FORMER MAYOR CHARGED.



Mr. R. M. Hall (nearest camera), former Mayor of Salisbury, charged with misappropriation of money.

## PRINCESS'S MAGIC CHILDREN'S FETE.

Tiny Readers of "The Daily Mirror" in a Russian Fairyland.

### GIPSIES AND NOBLES.

Over 200 child readers of *The Daily Mirror* spent one of the happiest days of their life yesterday afternoon at the Ambassador's Theatre, where they were entertained to a Russian Christmas tea by the Princess Bariatsinsky, the well-known actress and impersonator of Anna Karenina.

Half an hour before the tea-party began at 3.30 there was a long queue of excited children outside the Ambassador's Theatre. When they came in they left the cold London streets for an enchanted world.

One needed little imagination to believe that the interior of the theatre was a country mansion in the heart of Russia, where the Elka, the Russian Christmas children's festival, was being celebrated. How the children's eyes opened with wonder and delight when they saw the huge Christmas tree in the centre of the stage, gleaming with fairy lanterns and spangles and surrounded with sweets and toys in the Russian style.

Walking about on the stage and in the theatre were men and women dressed in the costumes of the time of Ivan the Terrible; there were nobles in gorgeous cloaks and head-dresses, who came up to the children and told them stories.

### "BLUE-RIBBON" CHILDREN.

All the boys and girls wanted to see the Princess Bariatsinsky.

When they did meet her and she kissed some of them they could hardly contain their joy and pride. "Isn't she going to wear a crown?" whispered one little boy.

"Blue-ribbon" children had tea first—those who had little pieces of blue ribbon given them when they entered. They trooped up on to the stage and sat round the long tea-table surrounding the Christmas-tree.

While the Russian nobles and the Princess herself were waiting on them came a delightful, thrilling surprise.

About thirty real Russian gipsies who travel about the country suddenly appeared from a dark corner of the stage. They wore their quaint, semi-barbaric costumes and, with anvils as drums, they began to sing quaint Russian Christmas songs, while some of the men and women danced.

Amid this wild scene—the gipsies might have just stepped in from the bleak wastes of Siberia—there was one little girl from Covent Garden diligently feeding a tiny baby.

Mme. Romanoff and Mme. Sokoloff sang some very charming songs in the Russian language, and Mr. Beach gave a clever exhibition of whistling.

Mr. Moss and Mr. Howes, of the Sinfonia Quartet, gave their invaluable services during the afternoon, and toys and sweets, specially exported to England from St. Petersburg, were later on distributed to the children.  
(Photographs on page 9.)

## ANGLO-GERMAN WEDDING.

Superb Dresses at Marriage of Coal  
King's Daughter in Berlin.

BERLIN, Jan. 6.—The wedding of the Hon. John Mitford, fourth-son of Lord Redesdale, and Fraulein von Friedlander-Fuld, in the church of the Holy Trinity was celebrated this afternoon.

There were present in the simply decorated church most of the Ambassadors in Berlin, several German Cabinet Ministers and General Moltke, Chief of the General Staff.

Afterwards a brilliant reception was held in the house of the bride's father.

The officiating clergyman, Dr. Lahusen, in his sermon referred to the chance which brought the young couple together at Kiel, where British and German seamen meet in peace and yachting conflicts are fought out under the patronage of the Emperor. *Reuter*.

Magnificent dresses were a feature of the almost regal ceremony.

The bride, who entered the church on her father's arm, wore a simple white satin gown and no ornaments of any kind, but the bridesmaids were dressed in pale blue crêpe de Chine, with mouseline de soie tunics, and wore black hats. They carried small bouquets of pink carnations.

The bride's mother, a queenly Dutchwoman, was splendidly gowned in pearl grey chiffon and velvet embroidered with gold.

In deference to the bridegroom's nationality, the general German custom of wearing evening dress was abandoned, and all the principal guests dressed "English fashion."

## 35,000 RAILWAYMEN TO STRIKE.

The South African State railwaymen, who held a meeting at Pretoria last night (says *The Daily Mail* Johannesburg correspondent) have decided on a strike to-morrow morning, no ballot to be taken.

Before the decision was taken Mr. Burton, the Minister of Railways, issued a statement declaring that the retrenchment of which the men complain was necessary, but that only seventy out of 35,000 European employees on the State railways have been dismissed. He justifies the action by financial considerations.

The Government has all the plans ready for dealing with a strike and is understood to be confident that it can maintain some sort of service.



## BROKEN IN HALF IN GREAT SEAS.

Oklahoma Survivor Says Stem  
Stood on End in Gale.

## RESCUERS' 2 HOURS' FIGHT

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—A vivid story of their desperate fight for life amid raging seas was told to-day by five survivors of the wrecked oil tank steamer Oklahoma, of 6,000 tons, which suddenly broke in half in a great gale off Sandy Hook.

After being washed out of a boat time after time they were picked up by the Booth Line steamer Gregory and landed here to-day, making the total number saved now thirteen.

Describing their desperate battle for life, Jacob Swannstrom, one of the survivors, said:—"I was asleep below when a terrific crash came, and I heard a tremendous ripping. Then I felt a mighty heave of the deck, and knew at once that the ship was a wreck."

Swannstrom jumped from his bunk, went to the upper deck, and, seeing that the steamer had buckled in half, went to rouse others of the crew. When he regained the upper deck with the panic-stricken crew the after half of the buckled vessel was standing "almost on end," he said, "and the propeller was whirling high in the air."

Swannstrom says the engineers launched a boat on the starboard side of the vessel.

He and others hurriedly launched another lifeboat, and eleven men jumped into her, but a mountainous wave upset the boat.

The men righted the boat, and one by one struggled into the half-swamped craft.

So huge were the waves that men were washed out of the boat and drowned. This happened four times before the Gregory came in sight, and each time the number of men was greatly reduced.

## BOYS BLOWN FIFTY YARDS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. KILDA, Jan. 6 (by Daily Mirror wireless).—Lone St. Kilda was the scene on Sunday of a terrific gale which swept the island.

While two boys, aged fourteen and fifteen, were on their way to Sunday school, the wind lifted them off their feet and carried them a distance of fifty yards.

One of the boys had grasped a neighbouring door, but he was wrenched away by the force of the wind and was eventually landed against a stone wall. The whole of his left leg was badly bruised and his right arm sprained.

The heel of one of his new boots was ripped off, his cap was blown away and his clothes were tattered. The other lad, who landed on a rubbish heap, sustained no injuries.

## ONE FROZEN TO DEATH.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—Captain Aspinall, of the Gregory, related that when the Oklahoma's life boat drifted near six men were clinging to her, but they were all too numb to climb in.

The boat turned over again, and the men were scattered in the raging sea.

Roberts, the third mate, and Sidney Williams, the second officer, of the Gregory, plunged into the sea with ropes tied about them and worked for two hours before the men could be got on board.

The waves were so high that the rescuers were repeatedly dashed against the side of the ship, and the men they had seized were torn from them.

The sixth occupant of the lifeboat was found to be frozen to death.—Reuter.

## FROST'S WHITE GRIP.

Sleet, snow, frost and rain—all these were reported yesterday from various parts, but frost prevailed over the greater part of the country in the morning and again at night.

The temperature in London at nine o'clock yesterday morning was 38°. It rose to 41deg. at 2 p.m. At one o'clock this morning *The Daily Mirror* thermometer registered 34deg.

## LONDON'S NEW EXCHANGE.

An important step has been taken towards the improvement of the telephone system in London.

A huge exchange is to be erected, and for this purpose the Inns of Court Hotel, 11, Abchurch Lane, W.C., has been purchased by the Postmaster-General.

Mr. Cecil Scruby, architect and estate agent in Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, who has conducted the sale, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that the contract was signed on Saturday and the freehold purchased for a very large sum.

The work of alteration and adaptation will be commenced in about six weeks, and in about twelve months the new exchange is expected to be in working order.

## LUNATIC'S ROPE OF SHEETS.

At an early hour this morning search was being made in the neighbourhood of Colney Hatch for an asylum inmate who, after outwitting the attendants, by an ingenious plan had succeeded in escaping from the institution.

The man, a "privilege" man—allowed certain liberties on account of his harmless character—had apparently sawed through his cubicle window and lowered himself to the ground by a rope of sheets and the quilt off his bed! He had then scaled the high outer wall and got clear away.

## FRAGSON'S FORTUNE.

French Barrister Thinks Dead Singer's  
Father Will Inherit Estate.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 6.—Despite the fact that he murdered his son, Fragson's father has, according to Maitre Paul Reynaud, a prominent Paris barrister, an excellent chance of inheriting the dead man's fortune and of obtaining the insurance policy for £12,000 which Fragson took out in his father's favour.

If Fragson's estate is administered according to French law his father, even if his son had made a will in favour of someone else, could claim a quarter of the fortune.

It is certain that even if Mr. Pott is condemned to death, he will not be executed, and the heaviest punishment he can be given is a term of imprisonment.

If he is declared irresponsible by medical experts he will be acquitted and will inherit everything left by his son.

This will still be the case if a soft-hearted jury find that he inflicted injuries on his son without intending to kill him.

## TANK STEAMER "CURE."

Lord Herschell "Signs On" as Paymaster  
and Is All the Better for the Voyage.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 6.—Lord Herschell, who arrived from Lobos, Chile, on Saturday, on the tank steamer Prometheus, expects to leave for Japan on Thursday by the steamer Shimpou Maru, so as to try and reach London by May 1.

In an interview at the Fairmount Hotel to-day on the experiences of the trip he said:—"The Prometheus is not permitted to carry passengers, so it was necessary to resort to strategy in order to secure a passage."

"My only other course would have been to sail from a Chilean port by a slow-going coast freighter to Panama, and thence by the Pacific mail to San Francisco."

"I was given the position of paymaster on the Prometheus—my title being assigned to the stewards' department."

"The ship rolled and pitched a bit coming up the coast, but this did not seem to disturb my physical well-being. Captain Thalen's ladder was generous. I really believe my voyage on the tanker contributed more to my health than any other part of my trip."

## BIRTHDAY OF WORLD'S OLDEST TRAINER



Mr. John Osborne, now and in his younger days as a jockey. When he rode in many Derbys. He is the world's oldest racehorse trainer and is eighty-one to-day. He still rides his horses to exercise.

## TWO QUEENS AID STRANDED ACTORS

The Queen and Queen Alexandra have subscribed £25 each towards the relief of the theatrical artists thrown out of work by the abandonment of the projected Indian Spectacle at Earl's Court.

These generous gifts are the prompt and practical response of the two Queens to the appeal made to their sympathy on behalf of the 350 artists.

It is hoped that ready support will be extended this afternoon to the matinee performance of "The Fortune Hunter," by the author of "Brewster's Millions," which Mr. Hale Hamilton, the generous American comedy actor, is giving in aid of the distressed actors and actresses.

Up to last night the relief fund stood at £176

18s. 6d.—including a contribution of £25 from Lord Curzon.

## MURDER CHARGE, BUT NO BODY.

Famous Jury to Determine Fate of

"Edwin Drood."

## A DICKENS COURT.

Was Edwin Drood murdered? If so, by whom? Was the prisoner, John Jasper, who is charged with the crime, the guilty person?

These are the questions which the jury are to decide at the great trial which is to take place at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, to-day. The "general public" will be members of the Dickens Fellowship only.

In law no one could be charged with the murder of Drood simply because his body was never found.

The prosecution could not prove his death, or the cause of his death, without an examination of the body; and as no body was found, it cannot be said in law that he was murdered.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood" has been keenly debated for more than forty years, and if the Judge rules to-day, in spite of the absence of a body, that murder was actually committed, then the verdict may solve what is undoubtedly a most baffling problem.

Mr. G. E. Chesterton will be the judge; Mr. J. Cumming Walters and Mr. B. W. Matz, the secretary of the Dickens Fellowship, will appear for the prosecution; and Mr. Cecil Chesterton and Mr. W. Walter Croft will defend Jasper.

Included among the jury will be Sir Edward Russell, Messrs. Bernard Shaw, Max Pemberton, Coulson Kernahan, W. L. Courtney, Francesco Berger, Tom Gallon, Edwin Pugh, W. W. Jacobs, A. H. Morrison, William de Morgan, Ridgwell Cullum, Hilare Belloc, and Raymond Payton.

Both counsel for the prisoner have visited the crypt at Rochester where the murder is supposed to have been committed, and they took with them Bazaar officers as witnesses.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood" is a far greater mystery than Charles Dickens intended it to be.

The novel was only half-finished when the author died in 1870. Hence the uncertainty about Edwin Drood's fate.

## WHY MURDER WAS SUSPECTED.

Edwin Drood was the young man chosen to be Rosa Bagnard's husband.

John Jasper was Edwin's uncle, trustee and guardian. He lived at Cloisterham, Rochester.

Jasper was passionately in love with Rosa and determined to prevent her marriage with Edwin.

She arrives at Cloisterham a young man named Neville Landless, and Jasper conspires to bring about quarrels between Neville and Edwin with the object, it is presumed, of throwing suspicion on Neville in the event of Edwin meeting with a violent death.

One night Edwin went away and never returned. Murder was suspected, and Neville was arrested because it was known he had quarrelled with Edwin. He was afterwards released.

"That is the first part of the mystery. Was Edwin Drood dead, or did Dickens intend that he should return?"

"If he were dead, was he murdered and his body buried in quicklime in a crypt? Was John Jasper the murderer?"

The second part of the story concerns the arrival at Cloisterham of a mysterious stranger—an old man, of no particular occupation, who makes inquiries about Edwin Drood and keeps in close touch with Jasper, whom he evidently suspects.

Who was this old gentleman, whose identity was never revealed, owing to the sudden break in the story?

## DOCTOR AS OPIUM EATER.

Dr. Edward Quigley, of Sunderland, was found by his wife yesterday morning, in a dying condition, with a pipe in his mouth and a copy of Dr. Quigley's "Confessions of an Opium Eater" by his side.

At the inquest last night the medical evidence showed that death was due to opium poisoning. The widow stated that her husband had been worried and was unable to sleep.

The jury returned a verdict of Death from Misadventure.

## TWENTY YEARS IN CHAINS

Discovery of Woman Dwarf in Barn  
Solves Mystery of Disappearance.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 6.—Hidden for twenty years in a barn and held fast by heavy chains, a woman dwarf has just been discovered on the premises of her stepmother at Olivet, near Orleans.

This sensational discovery has solved the mystery of the disappearance, twenty years ago, of Marie Euro, a dwarf.

On the death of her mother she was left a legacy of £28 a year. Shortly afterwards she disappeared and her stepmother, Mme. Euro-Robinson, a peasant woman, with her son Leon, then declared that they could throw no light on the mystery.

Now Marie Euro has been found. The discovery was dramatically made by a pedlar who called at the house.

He pushed open the door of a barn, and was horrified to see a woman in a half-clothed condition and almost reduced to a skeleton, pathetically holding out her bony hands to him for help.

He was unable to release her, as her wrist was encircled with heavy chains.

The woman when set at liberty was in a pitiful state and appeared half-starved.

## EXPLORER'S LETTER BAG

Boys and Girls Who Want to Go with  
Sir E. Shackleton.

Sir Ernest Shackleton has thus far persevered in reading all letters addressed to him, though he begins at 7.30 a.m. and does not finish sometimes till 2 p.m.

"But the task is getting almost beyond me," he said to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, just before he left his office in New Burlington-street, W., for a breathless business visit to Birmingham, where he will be allowed six hours, including the railway journeys and taxi-rides.

"Every applicant shows a good spirit in wanting to join at all," he said, "but, of course, some are not really sincere, and don't understand what an Antarctic expedition really is."

"Two girls of fifteen, for instance, have written saying they would like to go, as they could be useful as cooks, and a youth wants to be my footman and valet. We do our own valeting in the Antarctic."

It illustrates how the lure of the Antarctic has fascinated people of every age and class that a schoolboy should have written yesterday to "Mr. E. Shackleton."

Dear Sir—May I come with you to the South Pole? I have partly read your book, "Farthest South," and I am nearly eleven, and I should like to be cabin boy or reciter to the expedition, as I can recite well. I am strong for a boy of eleven and should like to catch some seals and penguins. I am 4ft. 9in.—Yours truly,

Mr. Frank Wild, Sir Ernest's second in command, who is helping in all the details of preparation, told *The Daily Mirror* that it was almost no use at all people under twenty or over forty-five applying. "Most people have no conception of what Antarctic conditions are."

"In times of blizzard you may not be able to leave your tent for weeks, and I have seen Shackleton with two pounds weight of ice hanging to his jaws."

## RAND MAGNATE'S DENIAL.

Brought to this country from South Africa as a fugitive offender, Victor Wolff was remanded yesterday at Bow-street Extradition Court, charged with conspiring with Louis Cohen to commit perjury in the libel action—Sir Joseph Robinson v. Louis Cohen.

The offences alleged, said Mr. Muir, the Treasury counsel, were committed in an action tried in the High Court in November, 1911, which resulted in a verdict for Sir Joseph Robinson for £4,000 damages against Cohen, who had libelled Sir Joseph in a book entitled "Reminiscences of Kimberley," of which he was the author.

Sir Joseph Robinson, giving evidence, said the story that he was dragged across the Vaal River because he was reputed to be an illicit diamond dealer was "a wicked and infamous lie." He had never had such a reputation.

(Photograph on page 9.)

## "DIED IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS."

The wills of Captain Scott, Dr. Edward Adrian Wilson and Captain Lawrence, Edward Grace Oates, of Gestingthorpe Hall, Castle Hedingham, Essex, who all perished in the Antarctic, have just been proved.

Captain Scott's estate was valued for probate at £251 12s. 3d., "as far as at present can be ascertained."

Dr. Wilson left estate of the net value of £965. Captain Oates, who, in the words of the grant, "died on 17th day of March, 1912, in the Antarctic regions," left estate valued for probate as of the gross value of £28,828 5s. 7d., of which the net personality has been sworn at £15,811 8s. 11d.

In his will, which is dated May 15, 1906, he leaves everything to his brother, Mr. Bryan William Grace Oates, of Messing, Kelvedon, Essex.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Moderate to light north-westerly breeze; fair and frosty; some local snow showers.

Lighting-up time, 5.6 p.m. High water at London Bridge, 9.18 a.m.

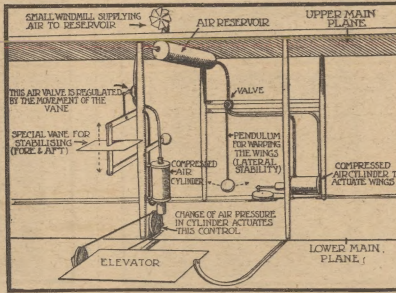
LONDON OBSERVATIONS, Holborn Circus, City, 6 p.m.: Barometer, 29.8 in. (corrected); temperature, 34deg.; wind, N.W., fresh breeze; weather, fine and cold.

See passages will be moderate.

## THE FOOL-PROOF AEROPLANE INVENTION.



Mr. Orville Wright and a diagram explaining his wonderful new "stabiliser," which, in his own words, "renders flying as nearly fool-proof as anything can be."







Mr. Henry Chaplin.

estates controversy, is quite the most picturesque figure in the House of Commons. "The Squire" is one of the last men alive to maintain something of the traditions of the Regency bucks. At the same time, he is one of the most practical politicians in the House. Even so hardened an opponent as Mr. Lloyd George has frequently indulged in generous tributes to Mr. Chaplin's constructive ability. Mr. Chaplin would probably have enjoyed even greater parliamentary success had he been of a less retiring disposition.

#### The Melting Pot.

Mr. Israel Zangwill is beginning the new year in a strenuous fashion. Almost every day he is conducting a rehearsal of his Jewish play, "The Melting Pot," which is to be given by the Playactors at the Court Theatre on January 25 and 26—the former date is for subscribers, the latter is for a public performance. One hears the players reeling off sentences in Yiddish which to the uninitiated sound like gibberish. The English players are finding it hard to "get into the skin" of their Jewish parts, and when not rehearsing or dreaming that they have utterly failed in their parts they haunt Petticoat-lane, where the East End Jews do congregate.

#### A New Nickname.

People have found a new nickname for Sir Owen Seaman now. They call him S. O. S.

#### The Servant Problem.

"Our cooks—we always have three, you know—" "Three cooks?" "Oh, yes! The one that's going, the one that's coming, and the one that's here."

#### "Kismet" Returns.

Everyone who cares for the drama will welcome Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche on their return to these shores from Australia. They are going to revive "Kismet" in London, and after "Kismet" we may hope for some Shakespeare. It is in Shakespearean productions that these excellent artists are seen at their best, and it was in Shakespearean repertory with Mr. F. R. Benson's company that they learnt so much before they became London's favourites.

#### The Benson School.

It was a wonderful company that Mr. Benson brought with him to the Lyceum for that famous season years ago. Miss Lily Brayton used to come on and speak a few lines exquisitely, and go off again. Mr.



Miss Lily Brayton.

Ainley used to carry banners, and Mr. Oscar Asche was often content with the smallest parts. And this "no-star" system proved first-rate training. Miss Brayton is reaping the reward to-day, and so are others.

## SIR E. WARD TO RETIRE.

Mr. Reginald Brade, K.C.B. to Become Permanent Under-Secretary for War.

Colonel Sir Edward Ward, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War, is to retire shortly, and, it was officially announced last night, will be succeeded by Mr. Reginald Herbert Brade, K.C.B.

Sir Edward Ward has reached his sixtieth year, when military and civil servants can resign or decide to work for five more years, as they choose. He has held his present post since 1901, and was elevated to the rank of baronet in the New Year's Honours List.

Entering the Army in 1874, he distinguished himself in the Sudan (1885) and Ashanti (1895) expeditions. He was Assistant Adjutant-General at Ladysmith during the Boer War, where his organising abilities earned him the title of "the best commissariat officer since Moses."

Mr. Reginald Brade, the new Secretary, was born in 1864.

He entered the War Office as a clerk in the Higher Division of the Civil Service in 1884, and was later private secretary to the Under-Secretary for War from 1892 to 1896.

Then he became Secretary to the War Office Council, and since 1906 has been Secretary and Registrar of the Distinguished Service Order.

(Photograph on page 9.)

Countess Tiepolo, who shot her husband, an orderly officer, at San Remo, says a Rome telegram, will be charged with murder.

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

#### Pictureque "Squire."

Mr. Henry Chaplin, who has taken a hand in the Sutherland

#### A Well-dressed Poet.

Lord Alfred Douglas, who has had trouble with Epstein, the sculptor, is one of the few poets, perhaps the only poet, who dresses like an English gentleman. I remember once when Lord Alfred was having lunch at Simpson's, Mr. W. B. Yeats was at the next table. Mr. Yeats was all long hair, sloppy tie and velvet. "What a contrast," said somebody. "Yes, all the difference between poetry and verse," added an admirer of Lord Alfred.

#### An Unsuperstitious Earl.

Earl Beauchamp, the First Commissioner of Works, obviously has no respect for the thirteen superstition. Thirteen letters form his title, and the house in the particular fashionable square he occupies is No. 13.

#### Stranded Actors.

The truly deplorable state of the artists who have been stranded in connection with the "Indian Spectacle" fiasco reminds me of a suggestion made some little time ago by a Labour member of Parliament. He suggested a new law under which no one could start a theatrical enterprise until they had deposited such a sum of money with some central authority as would guarantee the salaries of the employees for a stated period.

#### Two Sides to the Question.

There is quite a lot to be said for this scheme, but had it been operative in the past it would have changed the whole face of theatrical history. Could you count the number of theatrical managers who have started with absolutely nothing? These men under the suggested law would never have been able to enter the business.

#### Sam Darling, Farmer.

A great friend of his tells me that Sam Darling, the famous trainer, whose retirement from the training profession is announced, will still carry on the 1,200 acres of land which he has farmed at Beckhampton. As a breeder and exhibitor of stock, Darling has already gained numerous honours. Of the many good horses he has trained he told me when last I met him that he considers that Ard Patrick and Galtee More were the best. Both, unfortunately, were sold to Continental breeders.

#### Why Not Socks?

In some of the men's shops just now they are advertising "tango ties." Socks will probably follow.

#### No Minuet Revival.

We are told from time to time that the minuet and other stately dances are to be revived, but there appears to be no grounds whatever for the statement. A man in ordinary evening dress and a woman in the clinging sheath-like gowns of the present day would look ridiculous dancing a minuet.

#### Why "Greatest"?

Has Miss Alice Lloyd got her sister Marie's permission to describe herself on enormous posters in Montreal as "England's greatest singing comedienne"? What is the secret of her unrivalled popularity in that city, where so many English artists fail to go down?

#### The Kingsway Crush.

There is every likelihood that Mr. Dick Burge will succeed in his efforts to bring Bombardier Wells and Bandsman Blake together. If so, the match will probably be staged at the London Opera House. What a night that will be in Kingsway!

#### Miss Millar's New Year Resolution.

The time-honoured custom of making New Year resolutions dies very hard. Miss Gertrude Millar was telling me the other day that the resolution she has made for 1914 is "never to be down-hearted." "If one gets down-hearted everything seems to go wrong," she said, "and life appears to be bereft of half its joys. The saying 'Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone,' is very, very true—as many of us, I fear, have found out to our cost." By the way, you mustn't be surprised if in the not very remote future you find Miss Gertrude Millar back in her own home—the Gaiety Theatre.

#### Smoke Without Fire.

There might easily have been a panic at the Palladium the other night. A spectator dropped a lighted cigarette into his overcoat, and as a result a box of matches exploded. There was plenty of smoke—but no fire. Anyhow, it is fortunate the incident did not take place at the children's matinee of minstrels.

#### About the Browning Hall.

The Browning Hall, Walmley, to which a number of Browning relics have been presented by the poet's daughter-in-law, was formerly an Independent chapel. In this chapel Robert Browning, whose parents were members of the congregation, was baptised. In 1906 a memorial tablet was placed in the gallery close to the new where the Browning family used to sit, and a bust of the poet was unveiled on the same occasion.

#### The Threatened Clubs.

If the whispered campaign against London's new and highly respectable night clubs really materialises those who interest themselves in the defence may well call attention to the degree of licence enjoyed by some of the working men's "political" clubs. These latter establishments certainly enjoy a very large measure of freedom.

#### An English Eccentricity.

If the night clubs are attacked they will be attacked by people who have never visited them. That is always the way in England.

#### A Hostess-Genius.

Who is the most popular hostess to-day in the social world?

The question has been put by a correspondent with an inquiring type of mind. In answer I can only suggest the name of Lady St. Helier. Certainly no other hostess of the present age has a more comprehensive circle of friends or wider interests. As a hostess she has done some remarkable things, promoted friendships that will one day have an historic significance and set an indelible mark upon most phases of the life we live—simply by bringing the right people together.

#### Poetry and the Stock Exchange.

A well-known Old Broad-street firm of stockbrokers introduce a new note into their weekly business circulars by quoting Goethe. It takes more than poetry, however, to arouse interest in the present markets.

#### Tango Lads.

When the tango dies what will happen to all the strange young men who are now floating or dancing on the crest of the boom. As tangoists the strange young men are enjoying social advantages now of a kind that they certainly never experienced before. But when the tango goes—they will go, too.

#### Eggs at the Theatre.

In Harrison, U.S.A., eggs have become so scarce that they are being used as a medium of exchange. Not only are they acceptable for payment at grocery stores and mercantile establishments, but also at the moving picture theatres. One egg admits a minor and two one adult.

#### What Would You Rather Do Than—

Ask a lady in the stalls to remove her hat? Decline an invitation to stay with mother-in-law?

Pass a snarling watch-dog?

Try to find someone in a crowded "lounge"?

Wear a bright new suit for first time?

Make an important speech, having lost notes?

Wait in a dentist's ante-chamber?

Pay a taxi-driver the exact fare?

Pose for a photograph?

Meet your wife's aunts for the first time?

Endeavour to realise money on an old motor-car?

Listen to a brother attempting to sing in public?

#### A Serious Man.

Mr. Granville Barker, who wants a thousand promises of £25 a year for three years in connection with his repertory theatre proposals, is almost too serious a young man to be an actor. Like his friend, Mr. G. B. Shaw, he is a vegetarian who believes in high thinking and plain living. As a dramatist, Mr. Barker has come into conflict with the Censor. He loves controversy.

#### THE RAMBLER.

Mr. Granville Barker.



## A HORSE WHO WILL HAVE HIS WAY.



Charlie, who belongs to Mr. Hunter, of Wylam-on-Tyne, is a horse of almost human intelligence. He always presents himself, after his day's work, at the kitchen door to claim a piece of sugar, and then walks away to his stable. If the door is shut he raises the latch, as seen in one of the pictures.

## VIOLET-FINGERED GIRL.

Police Use Coloured Powder to Trap Maid Suspected of Theft.

Violet staining powder used to detect a servant suspected of theft was mentioned at Marylebone Police Court yesterday.

Mr. William Turner, consulting surgeon, of 17, Harley-street, was the prosecutor, and Elsie Lane, twenty-four, a housemaid, was the defendant. She was charged with stealing two sovereigns from Mr. Turner's dressing-room.

Mr. Turner, giving evidence, said the girl had been in his service for about three months, and for about two months past he had been constantly losing money from his dressing-room.

In the end he consulted the police, and Detective-Inspector McPherson and Sergeant Horwell marked five sovereigns, covered them with a violet staining powder, and placed them in his sovereign case.

That night, on returning home between one and two o'clock, he left the sovereign case on a table in the dressing-room.

About eight o'clock in the morning the girl came up to call him and pull up the blinds as usual, and immediately she had gone downstairs he went into his dressing-room and found that a sovereign had been taken from the case.

He telephoned for the police, and on the girl being called upstairs he found that her fingers were marked with the violet staining powder.

Sergeant Horwell said Lane handed him the missing marked coin, and asked, "If I give you this back will you let me go?"

She was remanded.



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EXTRAORDINARY interest was aroused among English ladies of refined tastes by the recent announcement in "The Daily Mirror" of Caroline Convent-Made Lingerie at one-third to one-half usual prices. Ladies who lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity of securing the exquisitely dainty underwear and blouses for which Paris is world-famous, are delighted with their bargains. Hundreds hastened to send large repeat orders. In many cases ladies included large "mixed" orders from their friends for lingerie sets, night-dresses, chemises, knickers, camisoles, blouses, &c. Not one purchaser has been disappointed. And how could they be disappointed, seeing that they secured the most beautiful hand-made underwear, blouses, and lace in the world at one-third to one-half of usual prices?

If ladies only knew the bargains illustrated in the Caroline Convent Made Lingerie Catalogue, there would be a tremendous rush for copies.

Every article illustrated is an exact copy of the latest Paris model or style—models and styles that will not be seen even in London until next season.

There are six sizes in the underwear—that is one of the secrets of the dainty chic of the Parisienne; and every lady who reads for the Caroline Convent-Made Lingerie Catalogue will be charmed with the beauty of the articles illustrated, while she will be astonished at the lowness of the prices. The latter, indeed, will prove a revelation of the great money-saving rendered possible by the cutting out of Paris and London factors', wholesalers and retailers' heavy personal, rent and staff expenses and profits.

These dainty combinations, in French Cambric, entirely hand-made, trimmed French beading and real lace, embroidered by hand 6/11

Just look at these prices for the finest quality materials and needlework (Convent) in the world—  
Real Lace Collars ... from 1/11  
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Matinee & Tango Caps ... 2/6  
Chemises ... 3/3  
Knickers ... 3/3  
Combinations ... 6/11  
Nightdresses (dainty) ... 5/3  
Lingerie Sets (3 Garments) 9/9  
Underwear (Lingerie) ... 10/6

Write to-day for one of the 100,000 Catalogues and see the latest Paris styles in lingerie, blouses, and lace—copies hand-made in the Convents from expensive "Caroline" Paris models. Every lady of refined and economical tastes will be delighted with Caroline Convent-Made Lingerie. Address postcard (1d. stamp) or letter (2d. stamp) to  
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### SPECIAL REDUCTIONS during our January Sale.

Ladies desirous of observing Fashion's mandate without sacrificing refinement will find the new BIEN JOLIE Brassiere the very thing to wear over the stylish low-bust corsets now in vogue. Gives an unbroken line from shoulders to waist. Entirely supersedes the old-fashioned camisole.

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STYLE 648. The Brassiere advertised in the "Daily Mail" of Dec. 8 at 4/11. Sale Price 3/11  
STYLE 621. Round Neck. Regular price 6/11. Sale Price 4/11



BIEN JOLIE

STYLE 676. Same quality as Style 648, but with square Neck. Regular price, 4/11. Sale Price 3/11  
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STYLE 662. Very superior quality. All-over Embroidery. Regular price, 10/11. Sale Price 8/11  
STYLE 671. Square Neck. Regular price, 7/11. Sale Price 5/11

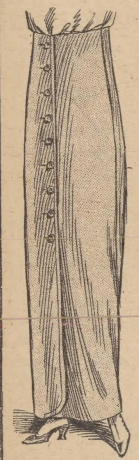
Above prices POST FREE. In ordering Brassieres, give Bust measure.

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Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.

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The latest wrap-over skirt made in the remaining lengths of this season's best quality coloured tweeds, hosiery, suitings, &c. Several sizes. Worth from 35/6 to 42/-. All at one Price (each) 20/-



The "HALF-GUINEA."  
Exceptional offer in our halve-made skirt department, a favourite style having been chosen to use up the remaining lengths of this season's tweeds, serges, and chevrons, in a variety of colours; also Black and Navy Serges. Several sizes.  
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No need to "hunt" for Bargains at Wallis's Sale—there's nothing but Bargains here.

THOS. WALLIS & CO., LTD., Holborn Circus, E.C.



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By saving money on your 'boot-bills—by wearing Wood-Milne Heels or Tips. A postman walked 1,200 miles on one pair of Wood-Milnes, and still they had some wear in them! Think what he saved. Now, what about YOU?

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Sold in many varieties and at various prices, by Boot Dealers everywhere.  
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a  
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The Toffest Toffee!

Sweets are good for every body—but the sweets must be pure. Sharp's Creamy Toffee is just the purest and most nourishing sweetmeat you can buy. In addition, it has a delicious flavour which you don't get with any other toffee—not even the best of them.

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Toffee** (Regd.)

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## Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1914.

## FATAL ARGUMENT.

THE middle-aged man was indulging in the distracting habit of reading out bits of the newspaper to the family and commenting upon them, and, in the course of his survey, he came upon the announcement that John Jasper is to be tried for the murder of Edwin Drood, by a group of more or less literary persons, at King's Hall. Whereupon he put the question: "Shall we never escape from Edwin Drood, I wonder?"

Somebody answered: "I wish we could. We are all sick of it. I wish to goodness poor Dickens had lived to finish the book, and so to finish all those who insist upon writing or talking about it. Why do people talk about it? Dickens is dead, isn't he? Well, then, how on earth can we guess what was or was not in his mind? He might have altered his mind. It is insoluble, and it is absurd to get into an argument about Edwin Drood."

"Besides," said somebody else, "there is no mystery. Dickens told Forster how the book was going to end."

"That's no proof," said the middle-aged man. "Forster was not always accurate, and he might have been inaccurately reporting Dickens's words. Besides, Dickens may have been pulling his leg."

A young man broke in: "In other words, you assert that Dickens was a liar?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, then, you mean that Forster was a liar?"

"I don't."

"Then what do you mean?"

The middle-aged man went to the book-case, picked out a case made into the form of a book, and out of the case brought a number of the green-covered parts of the original issue of "Drood."

"Look at that," he said, and pointed to the picture on the cover, which shows Drood in the vault, facing the lantern of Jasper.

"Well," said several voices, "what does that prove?"

"It proves Edwin Drood wasn't murdered."

"What rot! That figure is Edwin Drood's ghost."

The middle-aged man sighed in extreme exasperation. "Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that Dickens would have been such a fool, such a driveller, as to make Drood turn into a ghost?"

The young man's voice rose up again: "You began by calling Dickens a liar, and now you are calling him a driveller and a fool. Can you not be more respectful to Dickens?"

The middle-aged man was growing a perilous purple colour. He had none of youth's cool cynicism: he had the ardour of advancing years. And he continued: "Drood's ghost? The ghost of Drood? Ha! Don't! Don't make me laugh! Respect for Dickens? Ghosts wandering about vaults! How funny!"

"Not a bit funny—to those who've read the 'Christmas Carol.' Ever heard of Marley's ghost?"

"I think I read Dickens before you were born."

"What a pity you've forgotten him. Read him again."

There was an awkward pause.

Then a woman's appealing voice was heard. "Aren't we getting into another argument about Edwin Drood?" it said.

W. M.

## THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

## WHO SEES GHOSTS?

WHAT a funny theory—that ghosts are only "impressions left on the furniture, etc., of the houses they inhabited!"

What about the ghosts one sees in the garden and out in the open air?

I say, "one" sees—but I have often seen a ghost in the garden of an old manor house I know—the ghost of a monk who died three centuries ago.

Surely rather a long time for an impression to be left on matter! A BELIEVER.

Near Guildford.

"PHOTOGRAPHS, vibrations, impressions upon recipient matter," says "W. M.," probably more truly than he thinks. In my experience, "atmosphere" in a room or in a whole house is created or vibrated by persons and events passing in them, so as permanently to remain, and

## "THE DAILY MIRROR" OVERSEAS.

THE letter of your correspondent "C. A. J." prompts me to inform you that for over three years I have sent six *Daily Mirror* weekly to my son at Suwon, Korea (two days' journey by road from Peking Yang, the nearest railroad station), where they are much appreciated by the assembled colony. This probably is a record for distance.

Chichester.

A. J. L.

## HORRIBLE LANGUAGE.

SEENING the various letters in *The Daily Mirror* relating to the "horrible" language used by Army officers brings to my mind a delightful story I heard some years ago.

During a military review at which a certain exalted personage—I think the story gives it as the Duke of Connaught—was to take the salute, the Colonel commanding—a very hot-tempered man

## HOW TO MAKE YOUR GUEST ENJOY HIMSELF AT A RESTAURANT.



Find fault with everything, quarrel incessantly with the waiter, and make a series of hideous scenes the entire evening. It is so pleasant for the person dining with you—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

he detected by a "sensitive" (May I protest that I am no spiritualist, nor likely to be?)

I am keenly sensible of a good or evil influence in an empty house or on a piece of old furniture. My finger tips have often gauged the exact age of a piece of old furniture, and I have this been able to describe its former surroundings and the people who lived beside it accurately, so I am told.

I have created some amusement for myself by visiting "antique" shops and picking out the genuine and otherwise, solely by finger tips, much to the mystification of the vendor not in my secret.

Anybody can develop, by practice, this latent sensitiveness, and be guiley neither of Christianity nor "dealin's with spirits."

MARY PEARSON.

THE theory that ghosts are past impressions left photographically upon matter is a good one, for, in this case, they would only be seen by certain persons whose minds were attuned to receive such impressions, and this would explain why some people never see ghosts.

I will not, however, question the possible existence of certain elemental demons. RESEARCH.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Sooner or later our life will come to an end, and then the question for each one will be, "What has come to an end?"—Mandell Creighton.

## FROM AN ATTIC WINDOW.

Poor Fancy's starving! Who will buy His magic mirror? Come, draw nigh! Reflected there, your eyes shall see The whole bright world in phantasy. There are more sights in Fancy's glass Than beauties in the clouds that pass; Than roses growing in old Spain; Than shells upon the wild sea main, Or cerenades sung in Provence, Or memories in a high romance— Sold for a song's worth—Poets, buy!— Poor Fancy's starving, and will die.

—EDITH SITWELL.

## THE NEW IDEAL.

## What the Twentieth Century Woman Expects in Men.

AS women become more "emancipated," they become ruder and ruder. It is very likely then that their ideals about men will change.

My own impression is that women will increasingly favour those weak men who, after marriage, let their wives follow their own sweet will and do exactly as they like.

L. N.

Welbeck-street.

WOMEN don't fall in love with ideals. They prefer ordinary men. Human beings. Which is perhaps fortunate for men.

When I was a girl I had my ideal—fairy princes and the like—just as other girls had and have. But when I met a very ordinary youth aged eighteen, I fell in love with him at once.

I did not marry him—for I was only seventeen. We exchanged undying vows. Then he went away. I forgot all about him and he about me. I was soon in love again with another ordinary man—this time a man over thirty. I married him, and we were very happy, till he died three years ago. But all through it was not an ideal I loved, but common humanity.

I should say that the quality women most like in men is manliness and the sense of protection they get from it. G. F.

THE twentieth century woman, says one of your correspondents, does not like a man who flirts. I have not found it so, and I am considered "a great flirt." M. E. Thurlow-square.

BIG, strong, handsome men full of masculine vigour and energy are no longer the ideal type of manhood from a woman's eyes.

The modern girl is so up-to-date and masculine herself—thanks to the way in which she is educated nowadays—that it is only the quiet, shy reserved kind of man that interests her. ST. JOHN.

I CORDIALLY agree with the views of your correspondent who desires a more sane and wholesome comradeship between men and women, without a spy motive, and "even with expenses shared."

Surely such beneficial friendships must make life happier and help to prevent many of the worst miseries that are the result of loneliness and one-sided companionships. Men and women need the best from one another in order to attain balance and fair judgment, as well as for any other reason. If a warmer feeling should arise it will be a finer thing because of honest comradeship, and if none arises—and why should it in most cases?—no harm has been done and probably some good.

To regard marriage as always desirable is deplorable. It is at its best too sacred a relationship to be looked on so lightly.

YOUNG IRISHWOMAN.

## TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

Was Edwin Drood murdered? Who was Detchery? "Don't" or please do, if you care Dickens. Whether you think the average Twentieth Century woman has a new, or Twentieth Century, ideal about men. Or is it the same old ideal after all. And is an ideal in such matters ever realised? Please send us your views on this subject.

English hotel—a subject recently revived. Aren't they, in small towns, the vilest in the world? Your motoring or other experiences.

## IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 6.—Lady Battersea and Gustave Regis are two roses that deserve to be extremely popular. Both produce beautiful buds and both are reliable varieties. Lady Battersea has a long cherry-carmine bud that is delightful for cutting; it opens well in bad weather. A bed of this variety is always welcome.

Gustave Regis is a much stronger grower and can either be grown in standard form or trained against a pillar or an arch. The colour is canary yellow, tinted saffron, and this kind, too, is exquisite in the bud state.

E. F. T.



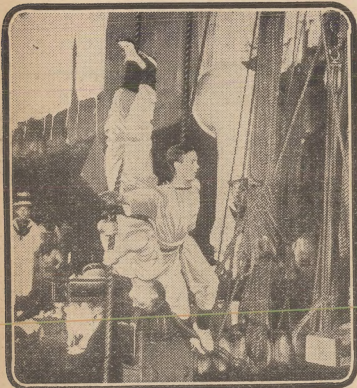
# MAKING THE EMBRYO BLUEJACKET STRONG AND HEALTHY.



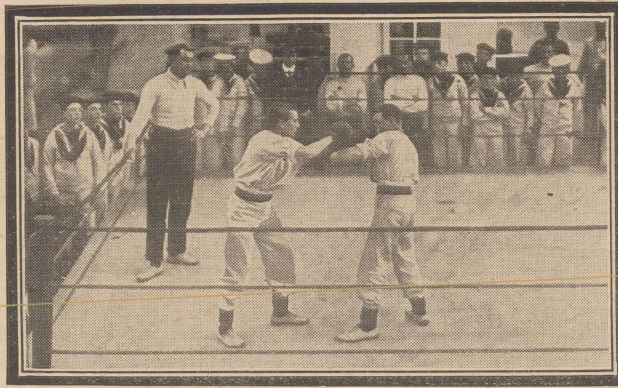
Leg and arm exercises on deck.



Learning to swim in a tank.



Learning how to climb a rope.



In the ring. Boxing is very popular with the boys.



Jumping over the vaulting horse.

To-day we see the budding bluejackets who are being schooled for the Navy on old warships at Devonport a stage further in their careers. The pictures illustrate the comprehensive physical training the value of which it would be impossible to exaggerate. A sailor

who cannot swim is unthinkable, but the lads take to the water as readily as the duck and after a few lessons on land are introduced to the tank, where, to begin with, they are supported by slings or water-wings.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## THEIR FACES AND VOICES EXACTLY ALIKE.



Miss Mary McFarland.

Miss Marie McFarland.

Twin sisters who are well-known operatic and concert singers in the United States. Not only is it difficult to tell them apart, but their beautiful soprano voices are exactly alike. Unless you can see them you cannot tell when one stops singing and the other begins.

## SKI-ING AT SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.



A 30-metre ski jump at Chamonix. From the spot where the jumper starts to his impetus to where he comes to a "telemark" spot in the snow (after gliding a terrific pace over the surface) is about a quarter of a mile, and takes two seconds.—(Horace W. Nicholls.)



# WOMEN WHO WEAR KITCHEN GARDENS ON THEIR HEADS.



Tempting the donkey.



The string of onions.



The pot herb hat.

Women's hats are now being trimmed with various vegetables. It was bound to come, expert in millinery says. Rare and refreshing fruits in the shape of cherries, grapes

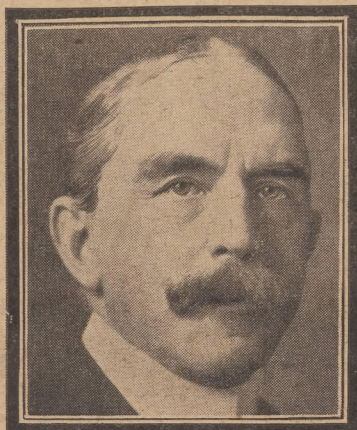
and apples have frequently been fashionable in the past, so why not vegetables? They are, indeed, the only logical successors.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## GIRLS WHO MANAGE A FARM.



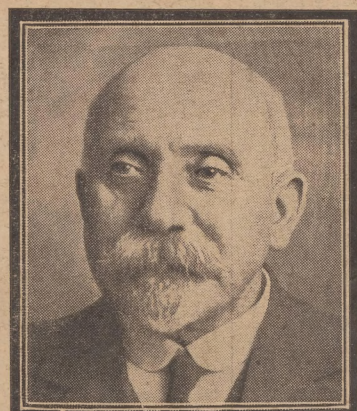
Misses Payne, of Long Buckby, are sisters who have proved themselves capable of managing a farm. They are horse dealers as farmers, and find it a very pleasant occupation. In the photographs they are seen at work on the farm

## SIR E. WARD RETIRING.



Colonel Sir Edward Ward, Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the War Office, who is retiring. He has been described as "the best commissariat officer since Moses."—(Swaine.)

## MILLIONAIRE'S ACTION SEQUEL.



Mr. Victor Wolf, brought from South Africa on a charge of perjury in connection with a case in which Sir Joseph Robinson obtained damages for libel some time ago.

## PRINCESS'S MAGIC FETE.



Princess Bariatinsky giving presents at the magic fete at the Ambassadors' Theatre yesterday to over 200 child readers of *The Daily Mirror*. In the lower picture is seen one of the Russian gipsy children who sang.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

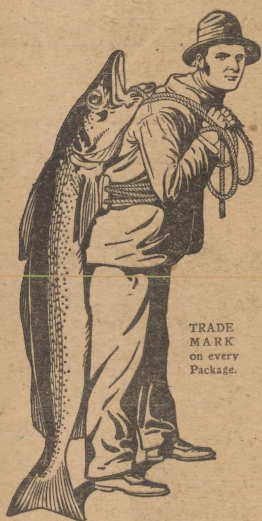


S. &amp; B., Ltd

# A grand builder-up.

If building up meant solely the formation of fatty tissue many preparations could claim to be equal to SCOTT'S. But, if building up means the strengthening and developing of every part of the body—no preparation can justly claim such a long and world-wide record as a builder-up of delicate men, women, children and babies.

"My little girl had a very nasty cough, refused all nourishment, and was only being kept alive on brandy and the white of egg. In a week's time after commencing SCOTT'S, she was putting on flesh and her arms and legs were much firmer. She has had no relapse. I am most thankful that I gave SCOTT'S Emulsion a trial." (Signed) Mrs. Mabel Philpot, 26 Archbishop's Place, Brixton Hill, S.W. 23/1/13.



TRADE  
MARK  
on every  
Package.

SCOTT'S Emulsion is not only a flesh former, but a builder-up of muscle, bones and brain—a lung strengthener as well as a healing curative agent. During teething period, after illness, when weakly and ill, or as a protector against winter changes—there is need for

## SCOTT'S Emulsion

Inferior imitations and cod liver oils of uncertain quality lead to disappointment, if not despair. Therefore, ask for SCOTT'S. See the fishman on the package and refuse inferior imitations if offered for the sake of extra profit.

**MACKINTOSH'S**  
The cold weather  
Sweet.  
**TOFFEE de LUXE**

**NEURALGIA**  
CURED INSTANTLY BY  
**BUNTER'S NERVINE**  
Prevents Decay,  
Saves Extraction,  
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Prevented.  
Toothache, Headache,  
and all Nerve Pains  
removed by Bunter's  
Nervine. All Chemists 1/3  
"A specific for toothache it has no equal. I have  
used it successfully for years."—Prof. W. Wilson, M.D.

No. 7.—Mottoes for Dog-Owners.

"A Mollet in the dog  
is worth two in the shop."

THE LITTLE BROWN BISCUITS  
**Mollets**

Sold  
Everywhere  
1d.  
**22 lb.**

The Molassine Co., Ltd,  
(Dept. R.), Greenwich, London.

**FREE SAMPLE**



## An Urgent Message for To-day!

**IMPORTANT SALE OF £4,500 WORTH OF  
BEAUTIFUL SCOTCH SPORTS COATS  
4 DAYS ONLY.**

To-day, To-morrow, Friday and Saturday,  
the entire Stock of Greensmith Downes'

## FAMOUS "ALBA" SPORTS COATS

AT SALE PRICES.

These Sports Coats, which are the Finest in the World, are  
real Scotch manufacture, and are made from very rare  
qualities of Wool.

**They cannot be procured elsewhere!**

### REDUCED PRICE LIST.

IN MODEL "A" (as illustration).			
In Kashlano	Usual Price 15/6	Sale Price	13/11
In Kashmar	25/-		19/6
In Double Texture Kashmar—beautifully warm—with or without contrast borders	Usual Price 35/6	Sale Price	25/-
IN MODEL "G" (as illustration, but with high neck and roll collar).			
In Kashlano	Usual Price 22/6	Sale Price	15/11
In Kashmar	29/6		22/11
IN MODEL "C" (as illustration, but with step collar).			
In Kashlano	Usual Price 25/-	Sale Price	19/6
In Kashmar	35/-		25/11
In Double Texture Kashmar	42/6		32/6

ALL GOODS SENT POST FREE.

N.B.—The "Kashlano" is a mixture of pure Indian Cashmere and Finest  
Wool. "Kashmar" is pure Indian Cashmere.

The very best coats for Ski-ing, Skating, Badminton, Golf, for an extra  
wrap under an ordinary jacket, or morning wear at home—supply warmth with-  
out weight and always look smart. Supplied in White, Black and all Colours.  
Orders dealt with in strict rotation. Cash must accompany all orders. Goods cannot  
be sent on approval, but will be at once exchanged or the money is returned if not  
suitable. Patterns sent, if required, but the delay may lose you the chance of a  
Bargain, as the demand is very great.

A First and Last Chance of procuring these Goods at Reduced Prices.  
Write to-day to

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## Wake up your Lazy Liver

Get rid of Constipation—stop moping around,  
and get some vim, vigor and vitality into you.

## CARTER'S Little Liver PILLS

quickly act on liver, stomach and bowels, and chase away  
despondency and lassitude. Millions use them. You ought to.



Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.  
The GENUINE must bear signature

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for the baby, follow the  
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Foods. They resemble healthy human milk, in composition, nutri-  
tive value and digestibility. Babies fed on the 'Allenburys' Foods  
invariably thrive well.

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Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" sent free.

**ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, London.**



THE PAGE THAT HAS SOMETHING EVERY DAY FOR EVERY WOMAN.

**BUSINESS GIRL'S LIFE ON £1 A WEEK.**

How to Stock a "Kitchen"—Some Easily-Prepared and Nutritious Dishes.

**FACING THE DRESS PROBLEM.**

I promised in my article here last Wednesday on a business girl's life in London on £1 a week to try and give some helpful suggestions to the girl who decides to take an unfurnished room and to do everything for herself.

The great thing is to minimise the work, and nothing helps more in this than a settled plan of action with everything in its place.

One part of the room should be screened off as a "kitchen." All that is absolutely necessary to start with is a strong table with a large iron tray on one half. On this should be arranged the gas ring and saver. An orange box, purchased for a few pence and stood on end, makes an excellent cupboard, the partitions forming shelves for plates, cups and saucers, etc., and the various groceries needed.

Two saucepans should be got to commence with, a small frying pan (3d.), two puddling basins, penny pepper pot, salt ditto, flour box (6d.), and a brown earthen casserole pot, which can also be purchased for 6d.; paste board (6d.), rolling pin (2d.).

**DINNERS AT 7d.**

Now for some recipes for nutritious and easily prepared dishes, after the successful carrying out of which many more, equally good and simple, will readily suggest themselves to the intelligent mind of the girl determined to succeed "off her own bat." Here is the first:

Get a sheep's head, cut into four pieces after well washing, dip each piece into a plate into which has been mixed a little flour, sweet herbs, pepper and salt, lay the pieces in a pudding basin, add sufficient water to nearly cover, place a saucer over, and simmer slowly for the hour in a saucepan of water. At the half hour cut some potatoes into small pieces and lay in the sauce, and they will be found well steamed when the meat is finished. The meat will be very tender, with rich gravy and steak, chops or any pieces of meat are equally good cooked in this way.

At the same time, some vegetables or butter beans that have been soaking twelve hours can be cooked in the other saucepan. It will require no attention.

Cost—Heart, 4d.; beans or vegetable, 1d.; potatoes, 1d.; sweet herbs, 1d. (enough to last all winter); total, 7d. This batch will be found useful:—

Get a fresh haddock, clean and fill with sweet stuffing, tie round with head to tail, and lay at the bottom of the pudding basin or a strainer, and simmer for an hour. Boil potatoes separately. A little custard can be steamed at the top of the potato saucepan.

Cost—Haddock, 2s.; potatoes, 1d.; egg, 11d.; milk, 1d.; breadcrumbs, 1d.; total, 7d. A very small portion of the egg will be needed for the stuffing, and the rest will make the custard.

Chop, 31d.; potatoes, 1d.; tomatoes, 2d.; apples, 2d.; cream, 1d. Fry the fat from the trimmings of chop, cut the tomatoes in slices or halves and fry put on the hot plate and pour off the superfluous fat, while the fat is very hot, put in the chop and fry each side a nice brown. This prevents the chop getting tough while the tomatoes are being cooked. Potatoes can be boiled at the same time, or some extra may be cooked the day before and fried with the tomatoes.

**LITTLE EXTRAS BY SAVING.**

As the first two dishes cost 2d. each less than the 5d. allowed, it will be seen a small bottle of sauce can be purchased.

Kidneys 3d., bacon 2d., butter beans 11d. Fry the kidneys, pour off some of the fat and cook the kidneys slowly till done. Boil the butter beans. Total cost, 6d.

Chick of hake 3d., shrimps 1d., milk 1d., potatoes 1d., butter 1d. Boil the hake, tied in a piece of muslin, make a sauce of flour and milk, to which a piece of butter is added. Peel the shrimps and drop in when the sauce is cooked. Boiled potatoes. Total cost, 6d.

If a hasty meal is required, cooked meats of all kinds are readily procurable. With tomatoes, bread and sauce or salad a good meal can be quickly made. Where the steamed dishes of meat are required it will be found a great advantage to cook them over the gas, if possible, as they are getting on, they will only need warming up at night, which is accomplished while the cloth is being laid and the fire lighted.

**DRESS ON £7 16s. A YEAR.**

The dress allowance certainly presents difficulties that can only be overcome by thought and care and by making everything possible. But now that patterns are so clearly defined, and so many perfectly simple directions given, well-made frocks are well within the reach of all at a tremendous saving.

I would suggest the following way of spending the £7 16s. per year, which is all that can be squeezed out of the yearly allowance.

Winter	£	s.	d.	Summer	£	s.	d.
Coat	1	0	0	Skirt	3	11	0
Shoes	2	0	0	Shoes	4	6	0
Hat	7	0	0	Best shoes	12	6	0
Skirt	7	6	0	Best blouse	4	0	0
Blouse	7	6	0	Handkerchiefs	3	6	0
Corset	4	11	0	Corsets etc.	3	0	0
Gloves	12	0	0	Corsets (summer)	3	0	0
Underwear	12	0	0	Ornaments	3	11	0
Summer							
Underwear	5	0	0				
Cost and skirt (bought at sale)	1	5	0				

It will be seen that 9s. is allowed for blouses. These must be made at home, and will allow of one lap silk, two de laine, one silk. For the best dress—

Four yards of material at 2s. 6d.	£	2	0
Lace or trimmings	10	0	0
Buttons (silk covered)	2	0	0
Silk for neck and buttons	2	0	0
Hooks, bindings, etc.	2	0	0
	16	0	0

If a machine is not owned, a little will have to be taken from the "oddments" for the occasional hire of one, or the principal stitching can be put out for so much a piece.

In the next article I hope to show what a good appearance can be made on 30s. per week. K. C.

**A CAREER 'WORTH WHILE'**

Actress Who Would Rather Be Wedded to Company Director Than to Art.

Women who have shown great ability in business and the professions are very numerous in the United States, but a remarkably large proportion of them think their success in occupations outside the home is not "worth while."

The case of Miss Mary Bell, chosen to arbitrate in an important Government action against some



Miss Mary Bell, Herne.

powerful business combinations, was described in *The Daily Mirror* a few days ago. She intended to give up her career on marriage. Now Miss Christal Herne, who is at present "leading lady" in a play at New York, has been unbending her mind.

"If I were permitted to have my own way and could order my life along lines and curves with a number of children I would feel that life was worth while."

"All this talk about young women of the stage being wedded to their art is a variety of bun-

**LONDON, THE CITY OF HAT SHOPS.**

Huge Change from Days When Women All Wore Same Kind of Hat.

**"THE FASHION" BOGY.**

London is rapidly becoming a city of hat shops.

During the last three years the number of establishments dealing exclusively with women's head-wear has more than doubled in the West End of London, while, if the suburbs and outlying districts from Golders Green to Croydon be included, there are now five hat shops for every one that existed in 1908.

Even the Strand now has its dainty little hat shop. In more feminine thoroughfares the following are the numbers of new millinery establishments:—Oxford-street and New Oxford-street, 8; Regent-street (hat extensions), 2; Baker-street, 3. The reason for this remarkable change in the character of London's shops was given to *The Daily Mirror* by an Albemarle-street hat designer.

**ENGLISH TASTE ASSERTS ITSELF.**

"The average London woman with any pretensions to being well-dressed—quite apart from her station in life—is now spending as much as one-fourth of her dress income on hats," she said. "A few years ago the words 'Paris hats' meant everything to a woman. She never even loathed to examine the shape. The fact that it came from Paris was quite enough."

"But there has been a steady improvement of taste among English girls. At last they have

**"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES—NO. 62.**

Do these features recall some pleasant evening at the theatre? Portraits of beautiful women are appearing daily in this series, and readers are left to guess their identity. Sometimes they are on the stage, sometimes not. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of names of the originals, with the best summary of their merits, at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the pictures appear. — (Dover-street Studios.)

combe. We are all wedded to art until a good chance comes to be wedded in the regular way, and then we give art the slip, pin on the orange blossoms and catch the night boat and are away on the honeymoon.

"I enter into no false notions about art. I'm ready to quit it. I'm for marriage and a family."

**TO-DAY'S BRIDE AND HER DRESS.**

The wedding of Miss Violet Lacy Rogers, daughter of Mrs. Lacy Rogers, of 11, Queen's Gate-place, S.W., to Mr. William E. Jennings, takes place to-day at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens.

Miss Rogers has chosen a picturesque dress of ivory satin and softly-draped tulle lace cut in a "V" back and front, with a bordering of pearls net. The toilette is given swathed sleeves covering the arms to the wrists and a full Court train slung from the shoulders of satin to match the dress, with pearl and diamond trimming and a lining of drawn white chiffon. She will wear a tulle veil and a wreath of orange-blossom, myrtle and hennery.

The six bridesmaids are to wear pale pink figured crêpe de Chine, with tunics of pink chiffon edged with skunk. A sash of a deep rose pink is swathed about the waist, and a black panthe hat completes the toilette, edged with chunk and trimmed with a fantaisie and a small pink rose.

"Her hair may be of any colour God pleases," says Shakespeare's Benedict. The censorious business world says any colour except grey. If grey-ness has arrived or is arriving, do not wait another day. Seeger's will colour grey or faded hair to any desired shade by simply combing it through. It has a certified annual sale of over 400,000 bottles. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. If you enclose seven stamps to Hindes, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle-street, London, you will receive a sample bottle privately packed, which will enable you to prove the simplicity of the Seeger method, if it is not already known to you. The full size bottle of Seeger's is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere for 2s.—(Adv't.)

**INDIGESTION****A Famous Physician's Remedy**

Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are made solely by Savory and Moore, of New Bond-street, who strongly recommend them for all forms of Indigestion. Testimony:—

"With great pleasure I add my testimony to that of others who have taken Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges and derived great benefit from their use. My powers of digestion seem really strengthened, and the distressing flatulence from which I suffered is greatly relieved."

"Miss B.—I tried the Absorbent Lozenges and found they gave relief in an attack of ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH when the usual indigestion treatment had failed. Further supplies, obtained locally led gradually to a complete cure."

"I found Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges wonderfully beneficial in preventing a SINKING FAINT FEELING which I think is described as HUNGER PAIN. I have suffered much from this, but since taking the lozenges have felt quite a different person."

"I was so much surprised at the good effects of the sample box you were good enough to send me that I procured others. The relief has been very remarkable."

"I suffered very much from HEARTBURN AND ACIDITY, and your remedy has been wonderful in relieving this, and consequently curing the almost incessant sleeplessness I suffered from."

Boxes 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., of all chemists.

**A FREE TRIAL BOX**

of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. for postage and mentioning "The Daily Mirror," to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143a, New Bond-street, London.

**GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR,**

Make it thick, glossy, wavy, luxuriant and remove all dandruff.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant, and appears as soft, lustrous, and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, for every stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, get a 1s. 1d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist, and just try it.—(Adv't.)

**HOW TO GET FAT AND BE STRONG**

The trouble with most thin folks who wish to gain weight is that they insist on dragging their stomach with tonic or by stuffing with gross food, or by gulping ale, stout or milk. Such methods are invariably useless.

It is impossible to get fat until your digestive tract assimilates the food you eat. If your assimilation organs are first put in a receptive frame of mind, you will get fat by eating even the plainest of food.

If you want to gain 15lb. or 20lb. of good, healthy flesh in as many days without any trouble or annoyance, get about 2s.-6d. worth of ordinary Sargol tablets from your chemist, and chew one up with every meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly you will start to fatten up. Don't waste any more time or money on patent Flesh Foods, or in following some foolish diet system. Sargol is a gentle laxative, it enables the stomach to literally soak up the fattening elements of your food, and pass them into the blood where they are carried to every starved, broken-down cell and tissue of your body.

You may eat what you like, and when you like it. Sargol will enable you to get fat and be strong because it will enable you to get all the strength and fat making elements from the food you eat.

No matter how thin you are, or how weak your system, if you are in good health, give this prescription a week's trial, and find out for yourself on your chemist's scales that you are putting on weight at the rate of nearly a pound a day.—(Adv't.)

**NO MORE GREY HAIR**

You can easily avoid that most disgusting and annoying thing in the world—grey hair—by using VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

(WALTON STAIN), which imparts a natural colour, light brown, dark brown, or black, and makes the hair soft, glossy, and healthy. It is a clear, healthy, and harmless stain, washable and lasting. One fluid, most easy to apply. No odour nor stickiness. Do not soil the pillow. Price (securely packed) 1s. 2s. and 5s. per bottle. By post 3d. extra. Address—C. L. VALENTINE, 77a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

"At one time the grande dame would never have thought of a hat from the stores. To-day it is only the few who have hats specially designed for themselves by their special milliner at extravagant prices."

B. D.



SERIAL.

# THE PRIOR CLAIM.

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

NEXT morning Renée departed for Paris in the company of Miss Maitland. A true Bohemian and utterly reckless of the conventions, she troubled herself not at all as to her companion's antecedents or exact social position. These things did not weigh with Lady Pomfret. She was deeply grateful to the strange girl for her timely assistance; she liked her and she pitied her as one who had evidently suffered and was at once homeless and friendless. The faint suspicion of vulgarity or commonness clinging to Miss Maitland, she was confident would very soon wear off in her company.

About her financial position the brown-haired girl at least was quite frank. She had a small but sufficient income, her hold on which she once confessed was precarious; but there could not be the least pretension on her part to equality of expenses or style of living with the baronet's actress-daughter. The further they travelled the more the two girls seemed drawn to each other, and the more Renée craved for a friend. They had not spent a day together in Paris before she invited Miss Maitland to accompany her to Italy at their entire expense; a proposal which the brown-haired girl accepted with unfeigned delight.

They remained long enough in Paris for Renée to equip herself and her companion with a complete and very expensive outfit, and to receive supplies from her bankers in London. She did not write to Gladys Alford. She knew that a letter from Lambert would certainly be lying with her friend to be forwarded, and she desired to have no communication at all with him till she was much further from London. During their stay she remarked that her companion avoided the Latin Quarter, with which she had professed herself to be familiar. This merely confirmed Renée's suspicion that Miss Maitland was not the girl's real name, and that she was not exactly in a position to look the world straight in the face. The further both girls travelled from England the higher rose their spirits.

Renée was more communicative of the two. Lying in her sleeping berth, she heard her friend behind her head, while the big express rocked and roared its way through the darkness, she told her companion lying opposite her that she had married a man whom she did not love and was practically running away from him.

"Why did you do it?" came the inquiry in rather a faint voice.

Renée explained the conditions of her father's will. Then, raising herself on her elbow, she

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struck a match and lit a cigarette. "You won't mind if I set the train on fire, will you? No... well, it wasn't that I wanted the money," she continued in an apologetic tone, "but if the estate had gone to a stranger there would have been awkward complications. My stepmother, whom I used to think was rather a dear, would have been lit in horribly badly—in fact, she would have been ruined; and there were others."

She blew a soft smoke into the stuffy air and lay back on her pillow.

The other girl took a long time to comment on this information. "So if you weren't married to Sir Lambert, all sorts of harm to different people would result?"

Miss Maitland seemed to hold her breath as she waited for the reply; her fingers clutched the coverlet convulsively.

"That's it exactly. But I'm afraid I have not benefited the person I particularly wished to benefit."

Renée sighed and played with the bow on her plait.

"Who is that? A man, I suppose."

"Yes, it is a man. How clever of you to have guessed it!"

"You came to Boulogne to see him?"

"I did. You seem to be very smart at guessing."

"What are you going to do? Give him up?"

"There's nothing else to be done, dear girl," replied Renée with a shrug of nonchalance. "It's true I don't regard myself as Lambert's wife, but other people do and if our names were coupled together it would ruin my friend's political career. And it was to save that that I made the sacrifice of my liberty."

"I'll tell you more about it some day. Good-night."

Renée threw the end of her cigarette out of the carriage window. Glancing towards her companion's berth, she stealthily drew from under her pillow a small, worn, and somewhat faded photograph of Philip Flame cut out of a newspaper. She looked at it through tear-clouded eyes. "Good-night," she whispered as she replaced it beneath her pillow.

The two girls awoke to find the train panting laboriously up the slopes of the Alps of Savoy. An hour later they both found themselves for the first time in Italy.

They passed half a day at Turin, and were quickly bored by its straight, trim streets all at right angles to each other. The real Italy did not dawn on their eyes till from the train, doubling and winding through the Apennine passes, they beheld the superb and circle of hills, the blue Mediterranean visible through its forest of shipping.

"You are giving me the time of my life—I've never been so happy before," declared Winnie

Maitland with glinting eyes, as they sat in the luxurious lounge of the great hotel in the Doria Gardens and smoked their cigarettes. The girl's gloom had disappeared. Renée might have shared her station had not a paragraph in a belated London weekly paper caught her eye. It announced that the *Regenerator* had been acquired by a small private syndicate, of which the enterprising American financier, Mr. Sturtevant Tenbrook, was understood to be at the head. A complete change of the policy of the paper was to be anticipated. Mr. Flame had resigned the editorship, and would have no further connection with the journal.

Renée threw down the weekly, and eagerly scanned all the other English papers at the hotel bookstall. Nearly all contained the bare announcement of the change of proprietorship. At last she took up an illustrated London weekly called *Behind the Scenes*. The first page of this enterprising periodical was devoted to two columns of extremely personal paragraphs under the heading, "They Tell Us." Among the things "they tell us," Renée read—"That the recent change in the proprietorship of a political weekly is due to the refusal of a lady recently widowed to finance the editor any longer"—"that the quarrel arose from the ill-advised attempt of the editor to transfer his attentions to the lady's stepdaughter, who had raked in all the spondulicks under her father's will"—"that the young lady wasn't having any, and has recently married the heir to the title"—"that this sensible step won't prevent her asking her stepmother's old protégé to tea now and again just to see what it was that made him so agreeable to the elder lady."

Renée, white to the lips, replaced the scurrilous little rag on the rack, and returned to her place beside Miss Maitland. She felt hot all over. Covertly she looked round the lounge, wondering if everyone recognised her as the lady who had raked in the spondulicks.

She rose abruptly and walked to the window, looking out over the moonlit sea and the myriad lights of the exquisite Italian city. These petty pinpricks had goaded her to action. Since everyone knew that Philip Flame's journal had been financed by a woman, another woman should restore it to him. She wondered why the idea had not presented itself to her before. He would refuse to take her money, but he would not refuse to edit a paper if he did not know that she owned it. Who was this man Tenbrook, she wondered? She knitted her brows. She had heard the name before somewhere. Ah! she remembered. He was the man of whom Berghof had spoken as a prospective buyer of the diamonds her stepmother had sold. She wondered whether he had bought them, after all. But that did not matter now. What did matter was that Philip should be immediately restored to his place in public life. Her eyes gleamed, and something like a crow of triumph escaped her. She could save him after all. Her sacrifice was not vain. With the money purchased by her surrender to Lambert she would buy back the *Regenerator* from the syndicate, or perhaps found another journal on the same lines.

It was kind of the editor of *Behind the Scenes* to put the idea in her head. She must first get into communication with Tenbrook. She went over to the writing-desk and began a letter to her friend Berghof.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"I've heard from her at last," announced Sir Lambert Pomfret as he shook hands with his uncle's widow.

Yolande still occupied her suite of rooms at the Royal Grande. She had vowed never to return to Pomfret Lodge. It was doubly hateful to her now—it would remind her not only of her bondage to her dead husband, but (more bitter still) would always be haunted for her by memories of the hours that Philip and she had passed there together.

She greeted Lambert with that languid air and slightly ironical smile which had become habitual with her of late. "Ah, you have heard from her," she echoed. "Does she beg permission to return and all will be forgiven?"

Lambert produced a letter from his pocket-book and handed it to her. It was dated simply from Rome, and ran: "Dear Lambert,—After what took place at West Kensington, I cannot consent ever to live under the same roof with you. I do not think you are able to observe the terms of our compact. I am resolved to live apart from you for the rest of my life. This will make things easier for both of us. As you need not reply, I do not give my address. Any matter of business between us will be attended to by Graystiel, who has my instructions.—Renée."

Yolande folded up the letter, and returned it to Lambert. She smiled sarcastically. "What else can you expect? You acted like a fool. Any woman would have run away in the circumstances."

"I see—that's your view of it. May I ask how you think I ought to have behaved?"

"I will tell you. You should have made a friend of Flame, and expressed your confidence in him and thrown them as much as possible together. She would have put up with you, then, believe me! And the results would have been amusing."

Yolande laughed. "She did not see the sneer on the man's face. 'I might have followed that plan,' he said dryly, 'only I don't happen to be so accommodating—not even for my own ends—as your late lamented husband, my uncle. Moreover, I am not sure that Renée is quite as much in love with Flame as you—quite naturally'—he bowed and smiled—'believe her to be.'"

"You are not sure!" she cried mockingly, moved by his taunts. "Perhaps it may interest you to learn that she followed him to Boulogne, and had a talk with him on the rampart outside his window. Also that she is trying to buy back the *Regenerator*—his old paper—from Tenbrook, the man who bought it!"

Sir Lambert started. "From Tenbrook?" he repeated. "What do you know of Tenbrook?"

(To be continued.)

## New Life for the Ailing

The 'Wine of Life' that is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors

Just as water revives a drooping flower—so 'Wincarnis' gives new life to the weakened body. Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all in one. It strengthens the Weak—gives new blood to the Anaemic—new vitality to the 'Run-down'—new nerves to the Nerve Sufferer—sleep to the Sleepless—vigour to the Fatigued, the Depressed and the Exhausted—and new life to everyone. Don't continue to suffer needlessly—take advantage of the new health 'Wincarnis' offers you. But, be sure you get 'Wincarnis,' because it is the only Wine Tonic of any repute that does not contain drugs.

### Are you Anaemic?

Is your face white? Are your lips and gums bloodless? Are your eyes dull? Does your heart palpitate? If so, you need 'Wincarnis' to fill your veins with new, rich, red blood. Take 'Wincarnis' three times a day. You will feel better from even the first wineglassful—you will feel the new, rich blood dancing through your veins.

### Are you "Nervy"?

Do you "jump" at a sudden sound? Do you feel irritable? Are you nervous? Do you get headaches? Do you have neurasthgia? Do you suffer from nervous debility? That is because your nerves want "coming up." A few short courses of 'Wincarnis.' 'Wincarnis' is a powerful nerve builder which acts directly upon the nerve centres and thus transmits new vigour and new life to the nerves all over the body.

### Are you Weak?

Do you feel incapable of exertion? Does your work exhaust you? Do you feel intensely weary in all your limbs? If so, take 'Wincarnis' three times a day, and it will give you new strength and new vigour. And each day more strength and more vigour, until, step by step, it rebuilds your weakened constitution and recreates your lost vitality.

### Are you Run-down?

Do you feel listless, low-spirited and weary of everything? Do you find your work income and your recreation exhausting? If so, you are "Run-down" and "out-of-sorts." But a few doses of 'Wincarnis' will quickly get you right. Take a wineglassful of 'Wincarnis' in the middle of the morning, and another the last thing at night. You will be delighted with the new vigour and new vitality it will give you.

### Begin to get well FREE.

Send the coupon and you will receive a liberal trial bottle of 'Wincarnis'—not a mere taste but enough to do you

good, and enable you to make a practical test of its wonderful restorative and health-giving qualities.

# WINCARNIS

**AFTER FREE TRIAL** You can obtain 'Wincarnis' from your Wine Merchant or from all Chemists and Grocers holding wine licenses. 'Wincarnis' is also sold by the glass and in 1/2-flasks at all Hotels, Restaurants and Railway Station Refreshment Bars. If you would like to 'try before you buy'

**Send the Coupon for a free trial bottle.**

"Come, my dear, drink this glass of 'Wincarnis'—it will put new life into you. It is wonderful for Weakness and Anaemia!"

## FREE TRIAL COUPON

COLEMAN & CO. Ltd.,  
W 161, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis'. I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name

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"D. Mr."  
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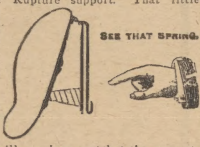


Every Ruptured person knows that it is in just this position he most needs support to retain the rupture—and he also knows that it is just when and where the truss absolutely fails. More ruptures work out from under a truss pad in this position than in almost all others simply because of the faulty construction of every truss not fitted with Aero-Compomatic Pressure—a three-phase pressure obtained only on the **Crosbie Bros. Appliance**. Here you have then, a soft, inward, upward pressure at the bottom of a soft pad—just where it is required and nowhere else.

**AERO-COMPOMATIC PRESSURE** automatically regulates itself in three ways with every movement of the body—Gives no pressure over the kidneys—No hard grinding pressure on the hips—No hard or rubber pads to blister or irritate, or press on the bone, or waste and weaken the abdominal muscles. No pressure except where you need it, and no more than you need.

**AERO-COMPOMATIC PRESSURE** is the Ideal Pressure for Rupture support. That little Spring is in just the right spot—it is a wonder, but it's only one part of the greatest combination of rupture retaining principles ever produced. If you want to know all about it, write to-day for a complete illustrated description—short and concise—which will convince you that the support, wanting for so many years, has at last been found.

Address: Messrs. **CROSBIE BROS.**, 16, Holborn House, 112, High Holborn, London, W.C.



## ECONOMY IN TIME & LABOUR

**GIPSY** is the most economical Black Lead sold. It costs no more than ordinary stove p lishes, yet, with a smaller quantity, and in half the usual time, it gives your grate a lovely lasting lustre. Does not chip or peel off. You can use it on either hot or cold stoves—the result is always the same. It blackens, brightens, and beautifies the dirtiest of cooking stoves and prevents rust. But it must be

## GIPSY BLACK LEAD INTENSELY BLACK FREE SAMPLE

Sent post paid on receipt of a POST CARD bearing your own and your dealer's name and address. If you prefer the paste form ask for Gipsy Grate Gloss. Write to Dept. V 23.

## HARGREAVES BROS. & CO. Ltd. Makers of "GLOSSO," the One-Minute Metal Polish HULL

**HOUSES TO LET.**  
A HOUSE for 6d. a day—Sixpence a day paid for five years will enable you to secure a house worth £300.—Full particulars on application to J. J. Green, 246, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. Mention "Daily Mirror."  
**HOUSE to Let.**—Spelthorne district; close to 3 stations; beautifully situated, with a charming garden; 3 reception, 5 bed rooms, on two floors; non-basement; rent, £75; 3 years' agreement; seen by appointment only—Address: Tenant, 25, Cator-st., Spelthorne S.E.

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**  
LADY REID'S Teeth and Lids—£24; teeth, at hospital prices; weekly, if desired—Call or write, Lady Reid, Hon. Sec., 324, Oxford-st., Marble Arch.

**AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.**  
POLICE Dogs—Major Richardson's Accredited, as supplied by the police, for ladies' malle, protection during puppy season; from 42s., pups 22s.—Groved, Harrow, Tel. 425.

## THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

### London Flowers in Bloom.

Geraniums grown in the open are now in full bloom in a Brixton garden.

### Estate Sold for £50,000.

For close on £50,000 the Hume Castle Estate, Berwickshire, has been sold by Sir J. Hume Campbell to Mr. A. Veitch, a cattle dealer.

### End of a Happy Family.

A female otter and two cubs have been killed on an island in a lake in the grounds of Harsholme Hall, Lincolnshire. A dog otter with them escaped.

### A Lunatic at Large.

Attendants at Colney Hatch Asylum were yesterday scouring the country in search of a lunatic who escaped late on Monday night. He made his exit through a window and climbed over the high wall surrounding the grounds.

### Strike-Breakers in the Dark.

Strike breakers arriving by train early yesterday at Blackburn in unlighted coaches reached the centre of the town unmolested.

### Flying to Khartoum.

Mr. McClean left Cairo yesterday morning, says the Central News, with four passengers, on his hydro-aeroplane for Luxor, en route for Khartoum.

### Postal Official Shot.

Found shot through the head at the General Post Office rifle range, Ernest Strudwick, a sorter, now lies in a critical condition at the Royal Free Hospital.

### Famous Sportsman Dead.

M. Michel Ephrussi, the well-known banker and sportsman, says the Central News, died yesterday in Paris, aged seventy. He owned several famous racehorses, winning the French Oaks in 1891 and the Grand Prix in 1905.

## AIRMAN ORDERED TO FIGHT.



M. Vedrines.

A message from Paris states that the National Aerial League has cabled to M. Vedrines that he must either fly, or return to Paris. M. Vedrines took offence at an action of M. Roux and boxed his ears at Cairo on New Year's Day.



M. Roux.

## DIGNITY AND PEKINGESE.

Valuable Spaniels Which Are Guarded from Thieves by Bloodhounds.

Bloodhounds as guards of Pekingese spaniels? This is the almost daily sight at Egham, Surrey, where dog thieves do not prosper.

Miss Ashton Cross told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, at the Peking Palace Dog Association Show at the Horticultural Hall, S.W., that her mother keeps more than 100 Pekingese at Egham.

"They run about where they like, the champions with them," she said. "But to guard against dog thieves the Pekingese have three bloodhound guards to protect them."

"The bloodhounds are trained to track down any thieves who may come near the kennels. They have already tracked one man who stole some harness."

How to make £200 or £300 a year by breeding Pekingese is the problem which many women present at yesterday's show have successfully solved.

"A first-class Pekingese puppy with a good ear may be sold," said one woman owner, "for as much as £50. Other puppies may be sold for fifteen or twenty guineas. Pekingese do not want pampering—give them good plain food and let them run about and play."

The most valuable dog at the show was Ch. Chu-eh of Alderbourne, owned by Mrs. C. Ashton Cross, for which *The Daily Mirror* was told, £5,000 has been refused.

Ch. Chu-eh, worth as much as a small hotel, is eight and a half years old, while his many descendants are worth many thousands of pounds.

At Mrs. Ashton Cross's kennels the Pekingese live comparatively simply. This is their menu:—

Raw beef,  
Calves' heads,  
Boned fish—cod, whiting, haddock, etc.  
Dry biscuit.

But this menu varies daily.

## LOOKING FOR LOST RADIUM.

A reward of £5 was offered by the town clerk of Hull in *The Times* of yesterday for information which will lead to the recovery of two milligrams of radium which was sealed up in a glass tube one inch long, and was missed from an applicator.

Two milligrams of radium would lie comfortably on the head of a large pin, and are worth about fifty pounds at the present price.

Searching for a needle in a haystack would be as nothing compared with the difficulties of looking for lost radium.

## TEARFUL BOY ASKS FOR BIRCH.

"Can't I have the birch, sir?" With tears in his eyes Edward Neal, a school-boy, aged ten, made this fervent plea yesterday to the Tottenham magistrate. Neal was described as an "expert, notorious young thief," who with other lads had broken into a shop and picture theatre. He asked to be birched instead of being sent to an industrial school. The magistrate's reply was, "The birch has been tried, but is not strong enough for you."

## STOCKS AND SHARES.

N.S.W. Loan Failure—Home and Canadian Rails Strong.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.  
A welcome change for the better occurred in the Stock markets yesterday. The tone all round was quite cheerful, with Home Rails, Americans, Canadas and Trunks especially prominent in the advance.

Amalgamated Press Ordinary were steady at 31s. 6d., but the Preference fell 3d. to 20s. 9d. Pictorial Newspaper Ordinary and Preference remained at 22s. 3d. and 18s. 3d. respectively, but Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference both fell 3d. to 24s. 3d. and 20s. 3d.

Rubber shares improved all round, with Trusts a good feature at 10s. 4½d., and in the Oil group the Egyptian issues rallied.

South Africans were firm on the more hopeful labour news.

Up-to-date COURTESY.

Counsel (to witness at the London Sessions yesterday): Did you give him in charge to the constable?—Witness: I introduced him to the constable. One has to be careful!

## HOW I LOST A STONE OF FAT AND REGAINED MY GOOD FIGURE BY A SIMPLE RUBBING PROCESS.

Three weeks ago I read in the paper of a lady who found that a simple mixture of herbs could be rubbed on fleshy places, and that this would gradually dissolve excessive fat. I was sorely in need of just such advice, so I obtained from a chemist 1 dram of quassa chips and 3oz. of cirola bark extract. After taking them home I put the quassa chips in a basin and poured over a teaspoonful of boiling water. When it had stood for about half-a-minute I strained it through a cloth and added the cirola bark extract. Then I poured the mixture into a bottle and applied it freely every night and morning with my hands for about five minutes, using a circular movement. The fat just seemed to melt away each time that I rubbed it on and I never dreamed it would be so easy to get slender. Friends are amazed at the improvement in my appearance, for I have reduced over a stone of fat from my hips and abdomen and I look fifteen years younger. Now I feel just like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her how I did it. G.M.B.

## TAKE OUT YOUR WRINKLES WITH CREME TOKALON, the new disappearing French toilet cream. At all leading stores.—(Adv.)

## THE DISORDER OF THE DAY.

Indigestion and how to overcome it  
by the Tonic Treatment.

"Many a meal I have missed, rather than put up with (torment afterwards from indigestion)." This simple remark conveys a vivid impression of the misery affecting victims of Dyspepsia, who are to be reckoned by tens of thousands.

All sufferers from indigestion should remember that the old-fashioned way of tinkering with purgatives is being discarded as useless, for such violent measures more often aggravate the malady. The modern method of dispelling indigestion and stomach disorders is to tone up the stomach, supply the tonic help needed to make the appetite keen and the stomach naturally strong and efficient. Right to the point speaks Mr. W. Corfield, of 3, Cantham-passage, Frankwell, Shrewsbury. "When I was a victim of severe indigestion," he states, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills made me well."

"I was cruelly punished by every bite of food, and missed many a meal rather than put up with the torture afterwards. I was for ever trying different diets and medicines, but never got any real relief. At last all the preparations I tried, and as I persevered with the Pills I gained weight and colour. Soon the heartburn and palpitation left me; then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills took away the indigestion and nervousness. They are a splendid tonic for the nervous and stomach weaknesses."

"WHAT TO EAT" is a valuable treatise on Food and Dyspepsia. Send for a copy NOW to Dr. Williams' Co., 48, Holborn Viaduct, London. Men and women alike could send for it to the increased health and strength which they have derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By their direct action on the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured innumerable cases like the above: also Anæmia (Bloodlessness), Indigestion, Headaches, Palpitation, Backache, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Neurasthenia, St. Vitus' Dance, Rheumatism and Nervous Ills. Post free, 2s. 9d. one box, or 13s. 9d. for six from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 48, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., also of dealers; but at shops insist on having only

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from nervousness and dizziness; and had bad pain across my loins, chest and shoulders. My stomach only got weaker from all the aperients I was given. Flatulence, indigestion, and nausea troubled me all the time. Then a friend told me that the only medicine worth taking for indigestion was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; so I tried them.

After steadily taking about one box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could eat better, and as I persevered with the Pills I gained weight and colour. Soon the heartburn and palpitation left me; then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills took away the indigestion and nervousness. They are a splendid tonic for the nervous and stomach weaknesses."

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**AMBI Game!** Game—Pheasants, 6s. 6d. brace pheasants and 2 Partridges, 5s. 6d.; Wild Duck, 4s. 6d. brace; 4 Partridge, 4s. 6d.; 2 Hares, 4s. 6d.; 2 Rabbits, 4s. 6d.; 2 Woodcock, 4s. 6d.; all carriage paid; all birds trained; price list free—Frost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware Road, London.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
ALTHO' Don't, the Banbury Earphone gives perfect hearing, long trial—Hill, Lambert House, Ludgate-hill, E.C. CORN'S Denial in 2 days—Baker, 10, St. John's St. MOUSACHES' Food on smoothest teeth trial sample 12d.; immediate results—Sole Chemist (188) Co., 125, Bridge-lane, London.



## EASY WIN FOR CHIT CHAT.

Old Handicap Hurdle, brought numerous competitors to the post. Ballykisten, named after Mr. George Edwards' stud farm in Ireland, was made favourite, and of those in the market a liberal price was laid against Chit Chat. The latter proved best of the sixteen and won by a couple of lengths from Ballykisten, Eastwick getting third. Chit Chat, however, secured little short of being a certain winner of the Crawley Handicap Steeplechase, was beaten by Little Rover. The latter had finished far behind Periwad at Nottingham last month, but was now meeting him on 9lb better terms.

3.30.—GRANGE CHASE, 85 sows; 5m.			
	yrs st lb		yrs st
Bridge IV. ....	a 12 8	Prince Abercorn..	a 10
Flaxen .....	a 12 2	Violet Charles..	a 10
Cortigan's Pride..	6 11 9	"    "    "    "    "	a 10
Sentry .....	a 11 3	"    "    "    "    "	a 10
Schwärmer .....	a 11 1	Prospect .....	a 10
Ann Siggs .....	5 10 10	Agh Waith .....	5 10
Comfort .....	a 10 5	Watershield .....	a 10

1.30.—LEATHERHEAD S 'CHASE. 2m.—GREY 1  
IV. (J. Kelly), 1: CRETE (R. Morgan), 2: NIMROD  
(Mr. M. B. Smith), 3. Also ran: Irish Wisdom, Milk

—Coming Representative Games.

it may be regarded as creditable to a game now so widely played that unseemly incidents are of rare occurrence.

EG (Harrow); G. C. Eagle (Forest), R. M. Phillips (Shrewsbury). C. E. Glenister (Berkhampstead), G. T. Carr (Wellingborough) and D. F. Ferguson (Lancing).

All engagements in Mr. A. E. Bowen's name: Paysa  
Welsh Grand National, Cardiff and Nottingham eng  
ments, January 26: Owen Glendower.

73, Southampton-row, London, W.

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One Halfpenny.

## PLUCKY GIRL OF SEVEN CLIMBS A TALL CHURCH STEEPLE.



Mr. Lovett climbing the steeple.

Without the slightest trace of nervousness, Miss Favell Lovett, aged seven, climbed the tall steeple of St. Mary's Church, Southampton, to lay the top stone and cross.



On her way up.



Miss Lovett laying the stone.

She is the daughter of the vicar, the Rev. Neville Lovett, and, as the youngest member of the family, was chosen to perform the ceremony. — (Daily Mirror photographs.)

## WHY DO WOMEN ALWAYS AFFECT UGLY DOGS? THE PEKINGESE SHOW.



Is it because they wish to throw their beauty into greater relief that leads women to choose ugly dogs? First it was the pug, and now it is the Pekingese, of which



there was a big entry at yesterday's show in London. The pictures show judging for the championships and Miss Cross with her litter.